

(SER MAJOR FRIEDRICH'S POEM)

Practical and Scriptural Holiness.

By V. D. DAVID, Tamil Evangelist.

(I beg you not to read this without having the Bible in your hand—and a word with God to teach you the truth.)

(1) "A two-edged sword in their hands."—Psalm 141:3.

(2) "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills."—Psalm 121:1.

PART I.

Before I speak to you, about holiness, I want to put a few questions. 1.—Are you sure your sins are forgiven? 2.—Have you got assurance? If God calls you while you are reading this tract are you prepared to meet Him? If so, you are the friend with whom I would like to speak on holiness. I want to tell you that you must be very careful not to begin to read this with a wrong idea first. That God will bless it to you, laying your Bible at hand to refer to all the verses I quote. I also ask you not to measure this with your own experience, or with other people's experience, or with what your minister said, or with any other man's explanation, but only with the word of God. If you observe these things, you will know the truth, and the truth will make you free.

Now, holiness is not partial, but perfect. Many believers seem to think our holiness is not perfect, that it will only be perfected when we come to die. If you are an unrepentant sinner when you die, you will die in your sins, and still you are an unrepentant sinner after your death. Death only puts an end to your life, but does not alter your life. God says, "Be ye perfect, even as your Father which is in Heaven is perfect."—Matt. 5, 48. When I say Christians must have a perfect sanctification, I mean only Christian perfection, as far as God requires of him. There is God's perfection, which Christians cannot reach, nor does God require them to reach. What is God's perfection? It is absolute perfection, nothing can be added, nothing can be taken away from His perfection. Angels are also perfect, but not in comparison with God's perfection, for He charges them with folly.—Job 4, 18. So you see angel's perfection is not the standard of God's perfection. Christians' perfection is according to the following verses:—

"Let us therefore as many as be perfect, be thus minded."—1 Cor. 13:10. "Whosoever he have already attained, let us walk by the same rule, as we heard the same thing."—Phil. 3, 15-16. I will give you an illustration that you may understand it. A child of one year old is a perfect child, but not a perfect boy, or a perfect man, but only a perfect child. This child not being a perfect boy or a perfect man does not alter the fact that it is perfect. It is only a difference in maturity, but not in quality. Just in the same way a Christian's perfection can be understood. Some are perfect as a one-year-old child; some as a boy; some are perfect as an old man. All are perfect, only differing in growth, as the child is as perfect as the old man of ninety. Where do you find the difference? Do you find any difference in the perfection? No; but the only difference is in the growth. God does not say so from imperfection to perfection; but He says, "Let us go on to perfection."—Heb. 6, 1.

An apple is a perfect apple from the beginning, the only difference being in its size. How will you say when it is small? Will you say it is an imperfect apple? No, for the apple is as perfect when it is small as when it is big. So God's command, "Be ye perfect, even as your Father which is in Heaven is perfect," is not wrong after all, although you do not understand it. God's truth is truth. "God is true."—2 Cor. 1, 18.

I will give you some verses about perfection: "God make you perfect."—Heb. 13, 21. "We may present every man perfect in Christ Jesus."—Col. 1, 28. "Herein is our love made perfect, that as He is, so are we."—1 John, 4, 17. Who are? Believers are perfect in love, even as Christ is, not in the

measure as He is, but perfect in quality. You see "He is," "We are" both in the present tense; that is while believers are in this present life.

Now I will tell you how far the growth of perfection goes. God requires that we should grow in perfection to perfection. "Fill up the measure of Christ."—Eph. 4, 13. Now you know where your sanctification should begin, it begins with perfection and ends with perfection. It begins from a perfect child and ends with a perfect man, Christ. You may say when do we find we are babes in holiness? "Babes in Christ."—1 Cor. 3, 1. Although babes are as perfect as adults, they are not strong. No difference in perfection, but in strength. Now, sanctification is not imputed, but it is imparted. If you read the following words, you will see God commands to be holy. So it must be done through you. He will not give a command if He does not mean it. "Be ye holy as I am holy."—1 Peter, 1, 16. "Be ye perfect, even as your Father which is in Heaven is perfect."—Matt. 5, 48. "It is the will of God, that you should be holy; if it were imputed holiness there would be no command. You will say, how is that? Christ is our sanctification! That is what I read from 1 Cor. 1, 30. How is He going to be our sanctification? Do you think you may sin and His sanctification will come and cover them? Is that what you mean? Do you think the verse means that? Christ our sanctification! If it is the case God would not have commanded "Be ye holy." Follow peace with all men and holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord."—Heb. 12, 14. "Perfect in holiness."—2 Cor. 7, 1. "Ye have your fruit unto holiness."—Rom. 6, 12. How do you account for all these verses? If you say sanctification is imputed?

(To be continued.)

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From the Windsor D. O.

A PRESENT FROM COXEY'S ARMY.

SPENT S-D. SUNDAY at Bridge-town. Had a good day. On Monday we drove through the mud and rain to Lawrencetown, but when we got there found that owing to the storm it would be useless to attempt holding a meeting.

HELD A COUPLE of meetings at Amnapolis. Around the Captain and Lieutenant full of faith. Had a chat with Capt. Minor's sister, whom I'm believing to see an officer some of these days.

MRS. CALKIN was all smiles when I ran up from the station to say "How d'ye do?" to her, in passing through Kentville. I tell you, some of our circle corps "braves" are doing wonders this year. One issue on being asked what district she would like named a town ten miles distant, and asked for the privilege of collecting on the way. The Captain told me she intended walking both ways.

HAD A LOVELY meeting in the Methodist church at Berwick. There is no corps here, but we met with exceptional kindness. Also had a church meeting at Canimig. The people are so friendly and good-hearted.

GOT HOME, to find Captain and Lieutenant in a great state of excitement, the theme principally Self-denial. Heard all about everything, and "Oh," said Captain, "I wish you had been here last night," and she produced a piece of paper with the following curious inscription written upon it: "With the compliments of Coxey's Army, for the S. A. officers, and it seems that some of the boys had appeared with a large banner the evening before, which they had first carried triumphantly through the town, to the inspiring strains of 'We'll roll the old devil along,' and finally deposited upon the threshold of the quarters, fearing that they might have much to eat, it being S-D. week. I am sure I can't enumerate all it contained—quantities of groceries, etc. God bless the boys! How we long to see them all saved. Since last report two or three good cases of conversion. Yours, living for Jesus, E. GALT, D. O."

THE MOTTO ON THE WALL.

BY MAJOR FRIEDRICH, of Spokane.

(A young man in a meeting in Victoria, B.C., was converted through the large motto over the platform. "Remember your mother's prayer," and was saved that night.)

"Remember your mother's prayer." Who wrote it there? Was it a friend of hell, who rejoiced that I felt, And delights in my shame and despair?

Yes, my mother's prayers I can hear. Who is whispering them into my ear? My God! Now the scenes disappear! Now plainly I see—stop!—I see The friends of hell waiting for me: And their mocking laughter and scornful call Point to the motto on the wall.

Those prayers cannot save you now: You have come too far on the road of sin. You have nailed to the cross the Christ within.

You have broken the vow Which you made when you said to your mother good-bye, Your record of shame Christ's pardon doth: No—mercy for you is past. Mercy's past!

What!—Forgive? The Captain said God would forgive: If sin we forsake, we may live. O, can it be true? It must be, These same words my mother told me. And may she not now before His throne Remember in prayer her wandering one?

"Come to Jesus now," they sing. Yes, the wreck of my life I will bring To the Christ of my mother's prayer—and there, With contrite heart, at His feet The publican's prayer repeat: No merciful unto me—even he! Cancel the past, Thou Christ on the tree.

That same night, down at the mercy-seat, Again did God and a prodigal meet, And a mother's prayer tells power defeat.

I SEE

THAT the Newmarket target aimed at was \$75,000 double that of last year, and was hit square in the centre with a big V. as a surplus. Now, Ensign Blackburn, let us hear from you, please.

THAT the long-looked-for visit from Major Howell and his Harriensers Brass and String Band lies at last come to pass.

THAT the Major and band were booked to conduct a series of three days' meetings. The Major introduced his troops, from Professor Little to Bandman Cameron, also Peck's Bad Boy from the West.

THAT the Major enrolled two brothers as soldiers of the 35th Canadian corps. God bless the boys, and make them valiant in His cause.

THAT Monday was the red-letter day among the separatists. A wedding was the attraction. The Harriensers band out serenading that afternoon, also announcing the wedding feast at the barracks at the same time.

THAT a big crowd attended the wedding feast. A big crowd, I can assure you!

THAT long before the time for the wedding the Temperance Hall was packed with people to witness the wedding. Ensign Fraser, B. O., made his appearance. Shortly afterwards the Major came in. In came the contracting parties, Capt. Jennie Howcroft leading, while the bride followed. Next came the groom, white Sergeant Burton brought up the rear, taking their respective places on the platform, everybody smiling.

THAT Ensign Fraser opened the wedding with a song, but for some reason the band could not play in harmony, or the soldiers could not catch the pitch of the tune. The Major noticed the difficulty, and asked all on the platform who were married

to kindly raise their hands. Only two sisters responded. Then he asked those who hoped to be. Only Captain Mc responded. The Major found out the difficulty at once. Peck's Bad Boy acquainted the Major with his version, "Only a case of excitement, sir." This brought down the house. However, the Major finally succeeded in getting things in proper shape.

THAT Miss Minnie Howcroft, and Private Robert Pearsall, all smiling, stood forth to be made man and wife. The Major read the articles of marriage, the "I will" was distinctly heard from both parties, and see Major succeeded in tying the knot good and tight.

THAT the ceremony concluded, the Major called forward Cadets Richardson and Bonetto and promoted these Lieutenants on the spot, and then and music. The meeting was brought to a close with another tea, when Mr. and Mrs. Pearsall left amid congratulations.

OLD KNOWALL

MY STARS!

One of Our Army Sailor Commanders writes thus:

The ship's forecastle is by no means a desirable place to live in.

It is an atmosphere of sin, blasphemy, and lamentable ignorance, in spite of all this, the seamen have a very high conception of Christianity. Anything less than holiness is not considered genuine, while unconsciously they are full of Tolstol, and carry the doctrine of non-resistance to an excess. A pure, clean life is respected, but the ink-storm, half-hearted Christian is despised, and will not be tolerated. Precept, with science, is useless without practice. One great pleasure I enjoy is a quiet halcyon occasionally with my Lord in Nature. A silent meditation on the soothing influences of the Pelidae. I love astronomy, and at times, when in the mood, I creep into some quiet place, and allow my mind to become focused on the stars, the most beautiful of studies. I peer in to the great beyond and think, and while thinking lose my identity. The soul seems to be free from the body, and I soar away into space, away beyond our most remote planets, just for a few minutes I tarry in the constellations of Orion, admiring its beautiful belt and cross. Then away again, and I am looking right into the

FIERY, BLOOD-RED EYE

of the Bull; still on, into that galaxy of beauty, the Pelidae; farther still, past Sirius, the Dog, beyond the limits of the Ross and Lick telescopes; past the orbits of the comets, and I see more stars floating in space, radiant and gorgeous in colors and tints. My eyes are feasted with beautiful spectacles, I realize the immensity of the universe. A sense of my own insignificance steals over me. I see the great Architect and Engineer handle the levers and press the buttons controlling the ponderous, but complicated and delicate machinery. Lost in wonder, and filled with awe and amazement, I awake. My soul is once more a prisoner. I find my Lord is now afar off. He is near, He waits with me, and dwells in me, and as His child and He is my God, my Father, my Redeemer, my constant Companion. I live in Him and He in me. It is beautiful, delightful. I just treat Him, like a little child, and while He is guiding the course of innumerable planetary systems, and governing the enormous mechanism of the universe. He does not forget His child, but takes me by the hand and guides me lovingly with His eye, so that not a hair of my head may be injured. Give to His Holy Name forever!

[Extracted from a private letter.—Ed.]

To "Love the Cross" is an excellent sign of health. If you hold by this through weakness and in all weathers, something better than even this will follow, sooner or later. There will come a time when the beam won't feel the nails, nor the brow the thorns; a hidden, unnumbered sense of God will become all in all; and this will grow brighter and brighter to the perfect day.

CHRISTMAS SOCIAL.

THE LIFER

I, LIGHT TURKEYS, a case of mutton, beef, and twenty-five loaves of bread, thirteen dollars in cash, and donations from the friends of the Army at Toronto towards our feet at the Workmen of Wilton avenue and

This splendid provision to do citizens for their men, made a grand business with the small frequent the Life-Boat about ninety persons' bounty, and the donors got three Christmasmen, just as appreciative as ever they knew how to

"Say, Major," said the old comforter for the great number at the Citizens of Toronto, of men, we thank you. C

SUDDEN DISAPPEARANCE THE WOMEN'S S

A Christmas I

As we carried up the ship with steaming hot goose, vegetables, and things, and afterwards, delicious plum pudding. Sisters in the Women's Christmas day, we could imagine the contented, some of them wore on the we thought they would Christmas came more year, if it brought no a good dinner. They everything they got, a enough, too.

There was one poor missed her dinner by being sick. She was the evening very drunk, her dinner for supper, but she did not want it. Next day she took it very thank.

Although these poor souls had no appetite for the feast, underneath all their sinfulness there is a heart that does not forget its own distress. I have seen many a heart that does not forget its own distress. I have seen many a heart that does not forget its own distress. I have seen many a heart that does not forget its own distress.

J. M. MCCANN, L



LITT

CHRISTMAS - HILARITIES

IN THE SOCIAL WING.

THE LIFEBOAT.

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THAT Miss Minnie Howcroft and Private Robert Fearrell, all smiles, stood forth to be made man and wife. The Major read the articles of marriage, the "I will" was distinctly heard from both parties, and the Major succeeded in tying the knot good and tight.

THAT the ceremony concluded, the Major called forward Cadets Richardson and Bonetto and promoted them Lieutenants on the spot, amid cheers and music. The meeting was brought to a close with another ten songs. Mr. and Mrs. Fearrell left amid congratulations.

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One of Our Army Sailor Comrades writes thus:

The ship's forecabin is by no means a desirable place to live in.

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EIGHT TURKEYS and goose, roasts of mutton, beef, and pork, 32 pies, twenty-six loaves of bread, and thirteen dollars in cash, is the total of donations from the kindly hearted friends of the Army and the poor in Toronto towards our Christmas free feed at the Workmen's Hotel, corner of Wilton Avenue and Victoria Street.

This splendid provision of the well-to-do citizens for their poorer brethren, under a grand banquet for the men with the small-sized vests who frequent the Life-Boat. Altogether about ninety persons partook of this bounty, and the donors may take it from us that this crowd of men were just as appreciative and grateful as ever they knew how to be.

"Say, Major," said one chap, who felt good and comfortable, "Can't you get three Christmases a week fixed somehow?"

Major Collier's round, smiling face grew rounder at the very thought.

Citizens of Toronto, on behalf of the men, we thank you. Call and see us.

T.

SUDDEN DISAPPEARANCE FROM THE WOMEN'S SHELTER.

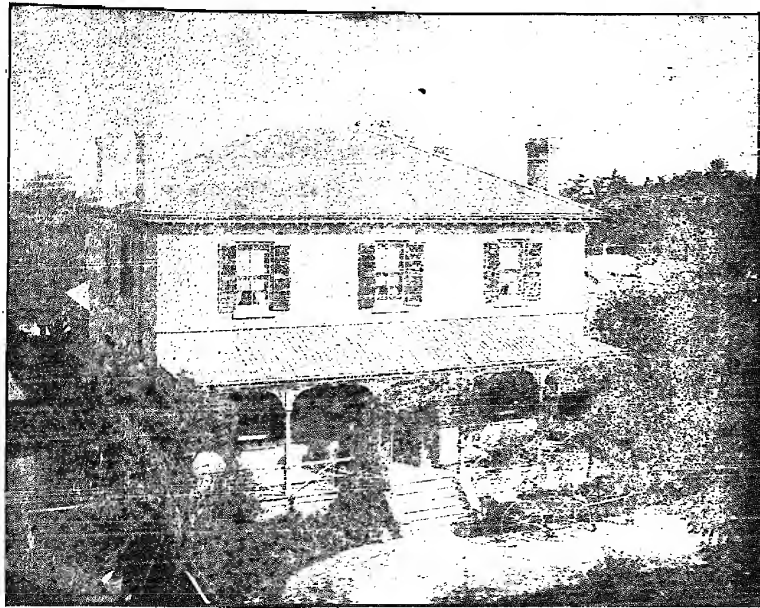
A Christmas Incident.

As we carried up the plates, piled up with steaming hot turkey and goose, vegetables, and other good things, and afterwards the dishes of delicious plum pudding, to our poor sisters in the Women's Shelter, on Christmas day, we couldn't help noticing the contented, satisfied look some of them wore on their faces, and we thought they would not mind if Christmas came more than once a year, if it brought no other joy than a good dinner. They seemed to enjoy everything they got, and they got enough, too.

There was one poor old woman missed her dinner by being out to a saloon drinking. She came home in the evening very drunk, but she did not want it. Next night, however, she took it very thankfully.

Although these poor souls have such an appetite for the drenching drink, yet underneath all their sin and wretchedness there is a heart of warmth, a heart that does not forget my kindness shown them; neither does it forget my injustice. If we could only get to leave the whisky and gin bottles, what different women they would be! Oh, that the time they would have when every drunken shop would be forever closed! What a happy day Christmas would be, and every other day also.

J. M. McCANN, Louth, W. S.



LONDON RESCUE HOME.

XMAS AT THE CHILDREN'S SHELTER

Plum Pudding and Toys for Each and All.

Past 1800 years ago Christ Jesus came on earth.

He came, He lived, He died for us; We thank Him for His birth.

Help us remember Christmas morn, The day our Saviour Christ was born.

MILLIE B.

We had what you would call "a joyous Christmas," indeed. After breakfast was over, I asked the children some questions as to why it was called Christmas day. Not many could answer. While speaking to them around the table, I told them Jesus was born on Christmas day. He came into the world a little babe, etc. We had for dinner roast turkey and plum pudding. Afternoon we got the Christmas tree nicely fixed up, and had the children dressed in uniform, girls in red pinafores, white letters across the front, "God's own." Boys in white houses, with red collars. Two were prepared and the bell rang. Down they came, one after another, looking amazed. They were all so excited they ate but little tea.

After we had finished, we sang and prayed. By this time they were very anxious as to what they were going to get. They all got seated, and two or three toys were given out to each one. Then we had some singing and clapping hands and some speeches were given by the children as to how they were enjoying Christmas, and if they meant to be real good. One said she enjoyed the turkey and pudding for dinner, also her tea, and was very much pleased with her toys, and hoped they would not get broken. Another thanked us for our trouble in getting up such a pretty tree, and thanked God for putting it in the hearts of the people to send them such nice toys. Altogether, we had a time of rejoicing, and got blessed very much.

CAPT. MILLIE BALDWIN.

To seek for happiness independent of virtue, is looking for shade in the sands of the desert.—Catholic Register.

He who is false to present duty breaks a thread in the loom, and will find the flaw when he may have forgotten its cause.—Presbyterian Review.

HARMONIC HURRICANEERS.

BACK to Toronto again. It seems but a few days since we left. Amid the clash and hurricane blasts of music—the new faces—the new scenes—crowds and souls—time has flown like the hurricane wind. What have we done? What has God done, rather? Let figures speak as best they can. Eternity will speak later.—

Left Toronto Oct. 2nd—returned December 18—held 98 meetings—110 open-air—had 67 souls—an attendance of nearly 10,000 people—and an income of over \$800. Hurrah!

The Rev. J. L. Robertson, M. A., Presbyterian pastor at Gore Bay, composed a splendid song for us, of which the following verses are a sample:—

Tune—"The Miller of the Dee."
They came to us, a goodly band,
The Harmonic Hurricaneers,
And sang their songs of love and joy,
Filling our hearts with cheer;
And this the burden of the song
They sang wherever they go—
"I love my Saviour all day long,
For He hath loved me."

A band of loving souls, they're out
To work in Jesus' name,
To show abroad His mighty grace
That saves from sin and shame;
And this the burden of the song
They sing wherever they go—
"I love my Saviour all day long,
Who saves me by His grace."

Then, welcome, friends! thrice welcome! we
Extend in Jesus' name!
God speed you onward! bless your works,
Whose mercy's o'er the same!
And this the burden of the song
Go sing in every place—
"I love my Saviour all day long,
Who saves me by His grace."

Good books are to the young mind what the warming sun and the refreshing rain of spring are to the seeds which have lain dormant in the frosts of winter.—Catholic Register.

Our daily life should be sanctified by doing common things in a religious way. There is no action so slight, or so humble, but it may be done to a great purpose, and enriched thereby. The improvement of a little time may be a step to all eternity.—Canadian Churchman.



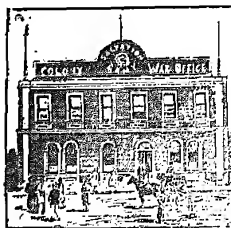
LITTLE ONES OF THE LONDON CHILDREN'S SHELTER.

THE GENERAL IN AUSTRALASIA.

Christchurch.

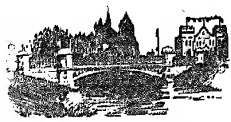
Leaving Wellington on Friday by the "Penguin," the General and Staff spent the night on a choppy sea, arriving at Christchurch at 7 a.m. Saturday. Brigadier Hoskin and Major Bruntell are on hand at getting up an attractive open-air parade, and they must have elapsed all past efforts on this occasion. Six bands of Evershine, in plumed hats of yellow, red and blue, headed the 1,500 strong procession, and there were novelties galore. The General and Commissioner Pollard spoke, when a halt was called, after which came a Soldiers' Council, in which 42 speakers came forward.

Fifteen hundred people heard the General in his welcome meeting at the Opera House, and the Mayor of Christchurch presided.



THE NEW ZEALAND WAR OFFICE, CHRISTCHURCH.

Then came Sunday. The scene of battle was again in the Opera House. Five thousand people congregated during that marvelous day of spiritual triumphs. The General was God-pessessed, the holy Unction was palpably present in his burning utterances, and an outnumbering of 55 seekers for the day and 130 for the week-end was a triumph which made all hearts to rejoice.



A VIEW OF THE CHRISTCHURCH BARRACKS.

Wearied as he was after Sunday's tremendous assault, the General was at it again on Monday in the Christchurch Opera House, and held a morning and afternoon meeting, at which a good many seekers came to the front for prayer or purity.

At night, the Social gathering, which, in spite of many other attractions, was huge enough to crowd the Opera House in almost every part, witnessed a wonderful outburst of popular feeling. Mr. G. J. Smith, M. H.R., presided, and very appreciative speeches were delivered by Bishop Jukes and the Rev. Dr. Munro.

The Bishop said he found it a very awkward job to follow so closely after the General. During his address he confirmed the General's statement that Christian societies are very apt

to rise above their first principles and to forget them. "The churches," the Bishop continued, "have often done that very thing. They have gone to the rich and have forgotten the poor. They have gone to the help of the righteous, and have forgotten and neglected the sinner. But whenever the churches have done that, God has always raised, in every age, some society that has done the work that His Church has forgotten to do, and I think that is what He did when He stirred up this great organization."

On Tuesday the General was closely occupied with the Staff and Field Officers' Council throughout the day.

Timaril.

And yet the hearty welcome accorded the General here, Mr. J. W. Blackwood, president of the Timaril Prohibition League, presented himself and read an address. The General addressed the assembly in reply as "My friends." His life, he said, was consecrated to the prohibition of evil in all its forms. They all knew that the Salvation Army were prohibitionists in regard to the drink traffic, and that in that regard they were worthy of imitation by other organizations which professed to have the happiness of mankind in view.

In the great meeting which followed, Chairman Rev. C. E. Decroft welcomed the General in the words of the English people's welcome to the Princess of Wales:

"Sixteen or Norman, whatever we be, We are all bane in our welcome to thee."

That is, Episcopallians, Baptists, Methodists, etc., whatever they were, they were Salvationists in their welcome to the General.

The General gave a fine Social address, bristling with good points. That Colony, he said, had three quarters of a million people, and yet there was not work for all. The remedy for worklessness was seen in the contrast between a moor and a vineyard, one producing little, the other crowded with food materials, and the difference between them was made by work.

Dunedin.

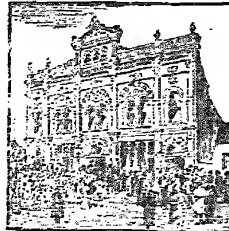
Dunedin gave the General a wonderful welcome. The crowd assembled in the station yard and on the platform, bridge and approaches of the station, was said to be the greatest that has ever assembled to meet any visitor to the city of Dunedin.

Accompanied by Commissioners Pollard and Coombs and other of his Staff, the General was then driven to Carrig's Monument. There another immense crowd of people having assembled, a halt was called, and the front files of the procession opening up, the General's carriage was brought right into the midst of the mass of people, the event being hailed with renewed cheering and every expression of delight. Many a fervent "Hallelujah" and "God bless you!" greeted the General's appearance. The General's uprising was the signal for renewed demonstrations of ap-



The spot where, 12 Years Ago, Captain Pollard Fired the First S.A. Shot in Australasia. The General and Commissioner Pollard speak at the Historic Fountain.

praval, the whole scene being one of vivid interest—the surging crowd, the banners, pennants, and the costumes of the soldiers and the people, illuminated by the ruddy glare of the torches, presenting such an effect as is seldom seen even in these days of demonstrations.



OPERA HOUSE CHRISTCHURCH, N.Z.

Carrig's Monument is the spot where, 12 1/2 years ago, Commissioner Pollard, then a lad of nineteen, fired the first shot. The General spoke to the populace at this historic spot. He gave a savior address, which was interspersed with responsive answers and shouts at every few sentences. He said, in the course of his remarks, there were a good many people who did not agree with General Booth, and General Booth did not agree with them. This remark must have referred to other places, however, for the Dunedin people were thoroughly in support.

Then Commissioner Pollard was called for unanimously and rapturously received. Referring to his first start, when his only supporters were a black man on one side and a Salvation Army Captain and his wife on the other, he said: "There were a great many people then who thought that the Salvation Army would not be here long, and three Christian friends have offered to pay his passage back to England to pay his passage, because they said the Salvation Army would be no go here. He told them that he had not come out on any racket of that sort, but that he had come to stay, and had taken a building up the street for three years, at £300 a year, and that instead of paying his passage back they were going to help to pay the rent—and they did."

In the social meeting the General was greeted by representatives of three churches and the Jewish Rabbi, Rev. Hewitson, D.D., supported by a large number of leading citizens took the chair. He compared the General with Napoleon. Said he: "I have no doubt in my mind I can get Salvation Army men and women to act for him even across 18,000 miles of ocean, and there is probably no one man now, who is not a crowned monarch, who

exercises such great power over his fellowmen, and gets from them such implicit obedience. I believe that obedience is rendered because they are worshippers of Jesus Christ, and let his influence, not across leagues of sea, but across centuries of time. Great as is their devotion to the Salvation Army, and to the General I do believe that they do not put him in the place of Jesus Christ. They reverence the General as the General of their Army, but look up to Christ as the great Captain of the salvation. I do not know that I could obey Commissioner Pollard and clap all through that hymn, but I clap in my own way. I heartily welcome the General."

The General was followed by the plaudits of the crowd, and for two hours he dealt with his subject, "Some of the World's Social Miseries and the Salvation Army's Remedy."

The General contended that from the standpoint of self-interest alone society should grapple with these social miseries and seek their remedy, because, if by any means the superstructure of society were to come down, they would find the submerged classes rolling in. It was the submerged that made the terror of the French Revolution, and it was the submerged that would make the horror of the nineteenth century. If they were to help these poor people they must grapple with the difficulty in a scientific way. Three-fourths of the charity administered indiscriminately did more harm than good. They must help the people without pampering them.



J.S. BARRACKS, WELLINGTON, N.Z.

Referring to a site for the Over Sea Colony, the General said his first lay was South Africa, but he had run away from it and had flirted with thought of going back to his first love, where he had had a gift of 20,000 acres of beautiful, well-timbered, well-watered land. Not only so, but Cecil Rhodes, who was well known throughout the civilized world, had promised him that if Mashonaland

Matabeleland, was the highest utility and climate (Mr. Rhodes) who him the land he did not know—He had got me were waiting at saying, "Where Canada?" He let him see it and thousands of his it, earning their contentedly on a fortune, but so



The Mayor, on thanks, spoke on the behalf of the city what he termed "Dunedin"; that is, the most thoroughly declared in guernsey.



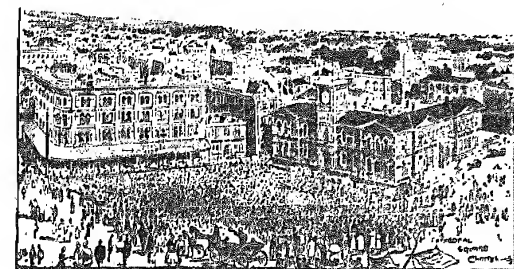
MAJOR BRUNTELL.

THE GOOD SHIP On her Mission

"Salvationising" and Coves of Color

CHAPTER

Early next morning PACK HARBOR. Vast, we found the state of excitement. A few of our soldiers on Sunday at 7 a.m. warlike. The flag was hoisted. We had at noon Monday. DEPENDENT, who anxiously awaiting man, a sea captain that the Army is the to save the humanity. Tuesday off for CARTWRIGHT to the Hudson Bay found the dear party. They have no service during the summer. Barry and myself visit, and by doing privilege of talking night about their were so glad to see coming. Let us be dear people, who are the blessed privilege on the beach shores how anxious they the meetings. They much that they were the "Salvationist" stay with them all next morning we were TUCKLE. After we distance on our journey very high and a barque to roll and some of the boys felt a kind of a queer feeling, but our net



The General's Reception in Cathedral Square, Christchurch.

Matabeleland, which were spoken of in the highest terms as to their fertility and climate, was situated, he (Mr. Rhodes) would be happy to give him the land he wanted there. He did not know—God would guide him. He had got many poor people who were waiting and getting impatient, saying, "Where is the land of Canaan?" He hoped the Lord would let him see it and raise thousands and thousands of happy, holy people on it, earning their own bread and living contentedly on the land not making a fortune, but earning a livelihood.



Major Birkenshaw, New Zealand Prov. Officer.

The Mayor, on moving a vote of thanks, spoke so laudably and eulogistically of the Army on behalf of what he termed "the civic Church of Dunedin" that the chairman facetiously declared him eligible for a red jersey.



Major Birkenshaw, New Zealand Prov. Officer.

THE GOOD SHIP "SALVATIONIST"

On her Mission of Mercy.

"Salvationising" the Harbors and Coves of the Island Colony.

CHAPTER II.

Early next morning we were off for PACE HARBOR. Being our first visit, we found the people in a state of excitement. We visited quite a few of our soldiers and friends, and on Sunday at 7 a.m. began our day's warfare. The flag was hoisted to the masthead. We had a real good day. At noon Monday we started for INDEPENDENT where they were very anxiously awaiting our arrival. One man, a sea captain from Wales, thinks that the Army is the God-chosen people to save the dying masses of humanity. Tuesday morning we were off for CARTWRIGHT, which belongs to the Hudson Bay Company. We found the dear people very kind. They have no services at all, only during the summer months. Lieut. Barry and myself went on shore to visit, and while so we had the privilege of talking with a few at night about their poor souls. They were so glad to see the Salvationist coming. Let us bear in mind these dear people, who are shut away from the blessed privileges that we enjoy, on the bleak shores of Labrador. Oh, how anxious they were to come to the meetings. They love the Army so much that they wanted us to pull the "Salvationist" on the beach and stay with them all the winter. Early next morning we were off for INDIAN TUCKER. After we had gone a short distance on our journey, the wind rose very high and caused our little barque to roll and toss very much. Some of the boys felt as if there was a kind of queer feeling coming over them, but our little vessel, which

seemed only like a cork on the ocean, braved the waves and landed us in triumph all O.K. She is to be admired for her beauty and goodness. Owing to it being so stormy, we were prevented from holding any meeting here. The Lieutenant and Cadet got ready to visit a soldier who is very sick, but happy in Jesus. They prayed with and for him. Next we chatted with a sailor at DOULTERS ROCK. We managed to get a meeting on all right; a few gathered. One dear sister soldier told us it was good for her to be in a Salvation Army meeting again. At an early hour next morning we started for SQUARE ISLAND. There is a good time in store for us in this place, the soldiers are all on fire. At 7 a.m. twenty-three met on board the "Salvationist". After the afternoon meeting we went on board our little vessel and pleaded with God for the salvation of some soul in our night's meeting. God came and answered prayer. Just as we were going into the testimony meeting one poor soul began to cry to God. Soon we found ourselves into a short, red-hot prayer meeting. We started our testimony again, and soon the one that had got saved had another out to the mercy-seat. Dava we went again before God. In a short time she could rise and witness for God. After spending Sunday with them, still they want us to stay Monday. It being very stormy, and as we wanted to meet the next boat to find out what we had to do, we consented to stay until Monday. At the meeting at night the converts were the first to witness for God. Tuesday morning the wind was in our favor, and soon the flag was hoisted to the top, by which they understood that we were going to leave. We started for ASSIZES HARBOR, but owing to the wind being against us, we had to put into SPEAR HARBOR. We thought to spend a night with them, but on account of our time being limited, we could not stop.

(To be continued.)

STRIKES!

SECRETARY LANDERS, Hamilton.

Only a morbid mind is on the lookout for slights.

Make life a ministry of love, and it will always be worth living.—Browning.

Philosophers not only disagree with truths, but usually quarrel among themselves.—Webster.

Shut, not that it is left will duly shroud; a man must first awake ere he can tell his dream.—Brecht.

A whole bushel of notions don't weigh as much as one little stubborn fact.

The first paper published in Canada was the *British Gazette*, March 23rd, 1762. War Cry some time later.

Diets out the Sabbath, and in half a century the intelligent worship of God would be nearly obliterated, and the land covered with every form of superstition and crime.—Becher.

There is no hope of destroying the Christian religion as long as the Christian Sabbath is acknowledged and kept by men as a sacred day.—Voltaire.

The first Biblical reference to a musical instrument is in Genesis: "Jehoi was the father of all such as handle the harp and the organ."

There is not a line in the whole Bible on which an argument can be built for annexing people while yet in their sins.—Mrs. Booth.

It makes the mind very free when we give up wishing and our think of bearing what is laid upon us, and doing what is given us to do.

Society proceeds from the family of which the mother is the living soul. Canada Presbyterian.

It is said that the Roman Catholic Order of the Most Blessed Trinity has redeemed 200,000 slaves since it began its work in Africa. — Canadian Churchman.



Major Birkenshaw, and the Town Hall, Dunedin.

MORE CHANGES

THE "LIGHT BRIGADE" OPERATIONS.

Change of Front—The Provincial Officers in the Fray—The P.A. Part of the P.O's Staff—A Revolution—Other Notes and Comments.

BY MAJOR READ.

Thank God, the Light Brigade scheme rushes ahead with leaps and bounds. The Provincial Agents and the lantern a good auxiliary to the scheme. Captain Pugh is doing remarkably well, having sent \$56 the past week. Triumphant! Then Captain Scobell actually declares that the first quarter in the New Year, '96, will top everything. Readers should see the Captain's G. B. M. rig and horse to appreciate it. There was to be a farewell among the P. A's, and although some had orders to march, these have been cancelled in one or two cases. Captain and Mrs. Pugh remain on in the East. Ensign and Mrs. Rosa will be responsible for the Central Ontario Province. Assistant Magee says good-bye to Lazarus, as does Captain Bailey. Captain McKenzie takes the East Ontario Province, while — takes the Northwest and the Pacific Provinces. May this change be very beneficial all round.

But there is another change, and a big one too, this time in the oversight of the P. A's. The decree has gone forth that in the future each P. A. shall be on the staff of the P. O., and will be entirely linked up with Provincial Headquarters, sending forms of all kinds to the P. O., in short, doing all business directly with the P. O., instead of with the Financial Secretary at Toronto. All money received by the P. A. must in the future be sent to the P. O., who will forward it on to Territorial Headquarters. Now we shall see what we shall see. The P. O. will have sole responsibility of the success of the Light Brigade, Social League, Lintern Services, and Auxiliary League throughout the Territory. Now things should go with a sweep. No excuse at all now. For further information, we call the attention of the P. A. to the regulations being sent them.

Are the Lantern Services successful? Yes, very much so when well announced and arranged for by the D. O. Kindly study the following figures as a proof. Captain Pugh took the following sums at his Lantern Services in the following places: Windsor, N.S., \$21.45; Halifax, N.S., \$3.90; Dartmouth, N.S., \$5.50. Captain Scobell has also met with great success on this line, taking in \$11 at Fergus, \$5 at Brantford. Then the box money is steadily rising, as the following figures for the last quarter go to prove:—Halifax, N.S., \$2.02; Windsor, N.S., \$2.59; Fergus, \$5.40; Heppeler, \$6.30; Brantford, \$20.10; London, \$5.90; Palmerston, \$6.25, and others just as good, and even better. Oh, this is a glorious scheme. God is in it. Every cent collected goes to help the work among the fallen.

Now for that wonderful two cent Cry boom! Money in it? Yes, if you do your part with the scheme. Each D. O. and P. O. have in this received the Hand Book of Instructions, so that they can glean all information therefrom as to how to successfully run the Boom. By all means study it, and study it well.

It was such a pity that dear Mrs. Booth, through extreme illness, and by the doctor's orders, was prevented from visiting St. Thomas and Hamilton. At the former place, the Knox Presbyterian church had been kindly loaned, and the public had done everything to make Mrs. Booth's visit a success. Hamilton, too, was not behind. All things had been made ready for a huge welcome, and then—Mrs. Booth's severe illness caused the unpleasant hitch. However, keep believing, dear folks of St. Thomas and Hamilton.

The Palmerston D.O.

Interviewed Again by the Ex-Winnipegger re S.D.

Ex-Winnipegger — "Good evening, Ensign Dowell."

Ensign — "Good evening, Bro. Cantlon."

"I see you are still in command of the Palmerston District?"

"I am very much pleased to be in a position to reply in the affirmative."

"You have done a good thing for Self-denial, I presume?"

"Yes; we have hit our target, which is \$90."

"I suppose the soldiers took an active part?"

"Why, bless you, yes. They worked like Trojans, from Sergt.-Major down to the last recruit. It was inspiring to see the band-boys put on extra steam as we visited from school-house to school-house in the interest of S.D. By-the-by, I was almost forgetting those two soldiers at Durham, Bro. Laidlaw and Mrs. Boulton, who collected the sum of \$12.50."

"No doubt you have had considerable collecting to do previous to S.D.?"

"We have. We nearly doubled last year at Harvest Festival, besides raising \$75, which was applied towards purchasing band instruments and music."

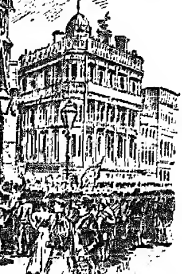
"One question more. Has the spiritual advanced in the press of financial work?"

"It has. The soul-saving work is steadily going on—two or two souls every week. The roll has increased from fifty to sixty-five, and three more to be added any time."

"This is good news indeed, Ensign. Good-bye."

R. J. CANTLON, R.C.

A fit of rage has cost many a man his life. So all intense emotions, all envies, jealousies, and wrong feelings, ruin digestion, injure the appetite, and break down the constitution.—Canadian Churchman.



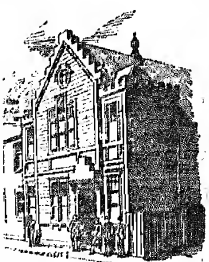
Captain Pollard Fired Australasia.

the Missionary Foundation.

new such great power over his men, and gets from them such a cheerfulness. I believe that now is required because they are supporters of Jesus Christ, and feel sincere, not across languages of centuries of time, as in their devotion to the Army, and to the General. I do not know that I could commend Pollard and sing enough that hymn, but I clap my own way. I heartily welcome General."

General was followed by the men of the crowd, and for two hours with his subject, "Some of World's Social Mission and Salvation Army's Remedy."

General contended that from standpoint of self-interest alone they should grapple with their miseries and seek their remedy, if by any means the supererogatory of society were to come they would find the submerged tenth. It was the saddest that made the terror of French Revolution, and it was submerged that would make the terror of the nineteenth century. We were to help these poor people who were with the ineffably charitable. Three-fourths of the charity administered indiscriminately more harm than good. They help the people without pauper them.



L. K. DARRACHES, WELLINGTON, N.Z.

Arriving to a site for the Over Sea, the General said his first was South Africa, but he had not looked at other places, but to get of going back to his first where he had had a gift of 20 acres of beautiful, well-tilled, watered land. Not only so, but Rhodes, who was well known about the civilized world, had told him that if Matabeleland or

Chief Secretary's
NOTES.

A cable dispatch announces the safe arrival of the Commandant in London. What kind of a passage he experienced, or in what condition he landed we do not know. We are profoundly thankful for his safe journey amid the storms through which the Campanian passed. He informs us of his intention to sail again for Canada on the 8th inst. We shall give him a rousing reception at the Temple on Sunday, the 19th.

Mrs. Booth is no better than when I wrote last. For several days she has been confined to her bed, and suffers considerable pain. We are very anxious about her. To judge by outward appearances, one would take her to be robust and powerful. The fact is she is a delicate, and even frail, woman, and often goes about her many duties with a smile on her face when by right she should be in bed. Her ease calls for the earnest prayers of Salvationists everywhere.

This week the Staff change fore-
shadows the last notes have gone
into effect. It is not by any means
a large list, nevertheless some impor-
tant corps have been affected. First,
perhaps, comes Kingston. To this
charge Adjutant Archibald has been
appointed. The Adjutant will be
on duty on the trip to the
Old Country, and may be expected to
make things hum. His wife, however,
we regret to say, is far from well. We
are sure we can count on the sym-
paty and help of her new officers.

Ensign John McLeish, late of King-
ston, is to be sent to the hospital
camp. Now, Ensign, all eyes are upon
you. Advance, Toronto; it's the watch-

word. Ensign Lowry proceeds to Hamilton. Ensign Alex. McLean, who has toiled amid great difficulties at that place, takes charge of Belleville. Ensign Moore will lead the forces at Barrie, and Ensign Blackburn proceeds to Cobourg.

The development of our far-off Western Territory proceeds with accelerated energy. Several officers have been transferred from Ontario to the West. Amongst the number are Esau McNamara, who proceeds to Fargo, N.D., and Esquire Wadding, of Yorkville, whose appointment has not yet been decided upon. Several other officers will be transferred in the near future, one or two of whom come from far-off Newfoundland. Majors Bennett and Friedrich are equally alive to the prospects of the West. Two new camps opened within the last few weeks are—Kamloops, Nelson, Lewis and Watson, Devils Lake.

Staff-Captain Hargraves and wife, recently from England, have rested since their arrival in Canada, but will soon be taking an appointment. The Staff-Captain's transfer was effected at his own request, on account of his parents being residents of this country. He can therefore justly lay claim to being a full-fledged Canadian straight off. May his future prove as good as his past.

A cable despatched from International Headquarters announces the appointment of Ensign Kobert, a very promising French woman, to the command of the work amongst her own nationality in Canada, vacated by Adjutant Kloux. She is at present in England en route.

The Bermuda expedition is well under way. Ensign Bodrisky, Captain Johnson, and Lieut. Forsyth are timed to sail from Halifax on the 2nd inst. Brigadier Scott has made all arrangements for the attack, and the certainty is that the island, which has been described as impregnable to hostile attack, will soon capitulate to the messages of peace. Bermuda, we salute you!

Before leaving Toronto, the Commandant decided upon the transfer of Adjutant Ayre to some climate more congenial to his health. He is afflicted with asthma in its chronic form, and at times suffers severely. He had hoped that the freedom from outdoor work would have proved beneficial to him. It is evident, however, that the change has not suited him, and the Commandant has reluctantly decided on a change. The transfer will probably be to the West. Nothing as yet, however, is settled. The Adjutant is a loyal, devoted, and energetic officer, and can be reckoned during this year of over twenty-four hours.

Several new appointments are to be made in connection with the Grace-Deion-Moat Box department. A concentrated effort will be made to increase the usefulness of this scheme. Captains Fred Mackenzie and Barr have been appointed Provincial Agents and will enter upon their new duties forthwith. Captain Halsey, who has filled this position for some months past, has been re-appointed to the field.

The new Citadel at Hamilton is at last under way. Difficulties formerly have kept back the start until now. They have, however, been got over one by one, and soon we trust to see in material form the stately edifice so beautifully portrayed on paper. Hamilton is an AT Army center, and with the increased facilities offered by the new building, the work should develop by leaps and bounds.

Captains McRae and Emma Allen of the Maritime Province, are under orders for district work in New South Wales. Captain Perks, so long associated with the Trade Department at H.Q., has been transferred to New York to serve in a similar capacity there. Ensign Ritchie is much better in health, and will soon be taking another appointment. Captain Pearson, until lately of the French war, has taken an appointment in the Pacific Province. Ensign Fitzpatrick, who broke her leg while visiting me six weeks ago, has recovered, and is

to say, completely undergoss another. The Winnings sleep every night, and poses to lease ten supply the need. from Newiaudla shortly, including Payne. Design an appointed to a Shion of their little son. No decision given on the Winthor case. Our men are tendered to o. Wolfe, for the abhe conducted our cess crown his of all lands the fort

MRS. McKAY, our

The Corner

Commissioner R
recovered to enab
A Swedish corps
Pittsburg, Pa. A
lke.

The opening of
corps is contemplated
Booth.

Another Swedish
Nelson telegraphist
Pa. of a successf

Staff-Captain at South Africa, having 5 Secretaries for The General's mission will undoubtedly, as above, be

The General's visit to India is greatly appreciated by the Salvationists. The Social Fairs in South Africa, is called daily in the spirit. men have got say

Commissioner H
malta. After tou
great congress w
ston about the t
lu January.

Mr. Bullington did reception at
ton, Mass. Over 8
one day, 65 souls
and over 500 Au
The Commander
held a very im

Ensigns Smith and soldiers of Kings received summons to the court on a chain naisy instrument.

When the officer returned from opening Eve, they were a turkey, with wings, on a table form. Of course Wolf to keep the

Thus the India
Duster? It is a
may have three
tions. It may be
good feed; second
a most remarka
good meeting.

Latest from Kingston!

Reports to hand of the S.-D. battle are very encouraging. Port Hope, Cobourg, Renfrew, Guelph, and Kingston deserve special mention for their state of charge. The 120 over target, with a probable haul saved to boot. For Juniors, Kingston takes the cake at \$120. Montreal's band carries off the palm in their class at \$140. Winter campaign to be launched at watchnight service. All-round increase by end of March, '96. Kingston, Belleville, and Cobourg D. C.'s under murreling orders. Indications of a general advance during winter months.—Staff-Cant. Southall.

Colonel and Mrs. Holland and most of the Headquarters people visited Yorkville on Sunday. The congregation was the largest for a long time. Major Howell presided over a very successful musical meeting at the Temple, Toronto, on Sunday night.

THE BOOM

During the first week in February this whole Territory is going to support the Government in the increasing the circulation of the War Cry. That same system of organized effort, directed, in its usual features, from Territorial Headquarters, which has been the means of producing such magnificent results in the Self-Defence Weeks and other similar efforts, is to be brought into operation on the War Cry's behalf, with, we hope, equally gratifying results. We will have something more to say on this subject next week. Meantime, every soldier and every citizen of every county ready for the work of victory.

**TRAIN THE CHILDREN FOR
SAVIORS.**

The intelligent and animated presence of the little folk at the Christmas tree elicited from more than one observer some such remark as "Here's the Army of the future." Mrs. Booth herself was congratulated on the happy occasion by the little ones, and in the next chapter in the lives of the little ones, that welded closer together the hearts of the officers to their leader, which was as valuable to us as an Army; not only so, but it brought again to the attention of us, viz, the training of the Juniors. Undoubtedly it is upon the training of the children, especially the children of the officers, that the Army's future depends. The little children of the Army are the seed of the rising Army throughout the world, and if that rising Army through the influence of the children is to be thoroughly instilled with the true spirit of Salvationism, then may we well look for a very wonderful future for the Army of God.

We ought to see that the children grow up in those principles which the late Mrs. Booth and the General approved so valuable in their home circle. They should not only be saved, but, *and* sanctified.

VICTORIA, B.C.

SOME persons or persons, evidently unfamiliar toward the Salvation Army, sent recently a batch of printed matter of the "New Facts" type to the Mayor of Victoria, purporting to contain the latest about the Army.

Our readers may remember that the Army Shelter at Victoria, B.C., by the kindness of the Mayor and Council, occupies a part of some municipal building. The building was erected on a plot of land which the city had purchased. The building was erected on a plot of land which the city had purchased. The building was erected on a plot of land which the city had purchased.

As a proof of how little effect the pamphlets had, and how positive the Army's utility, we may state that in 1905 the city of Victoria, B.C., gave the Army the use of the building for 10 years. It is hard from Victoria, and it is hard from Victoria, and it is hard from Victoria.

THE CRUSADERS BAND



Bro. O. Duhl. Bro. E. Jublin. Bro. A. H. Bent. Bro. E. Paulin.
Bro. E. J. Fitch. Capt. H. Maria. Bro. S. Jones.

WALLACE, IDAHO.—The Crusaders are at it again! I'd like to note that our last two trips consisted of 701 miles of travel, staying from one to three days in each place, with the exception of one, where we stayed five days. We held 172 meetings in 74 days, and had 68 souls. I am forwarding you a photo of the Crusaders. I thought you would perhaps like to see us as we are. While in Tokon, Mr. Harlow, photographer, was sufficiently interested to want us to sit for him. We had no serious objections, hence the outcome. Here's a lot of the boys and a few words

ALFRED BENT, converted in 1897 at Bridgetown, N.S., under Captain Smith. Been a band-man in the East, also at Tacoma. He now belongs to Victoria, B.C. corps, and has lent his services for a short time to the Canadian survey party in the mountainous valleys of the Northwest Province. He's a fighter from the word "go," and plays a court.

EDWARD L. BUTLER our youngest and smallest of the band, was saved under Eulogie McAlise in 1892 at Spokane, Wash. He is still a soldier and bandman of that corps.

SAMUEL JENSEN is another mainstay from Spokane. Saved about the same time, under Ensign McBee, he has continued to fight in and around the western metropolis. He plays our bass, and is an 81-ton gun in himself. Once an infidel lecturer, but now

EDWARD J. FITCH, our drummer, was saved in Waterville, in Nov. '35. Asked if he would work for God in the future, he gladly took up his cross, and is doing so.

I'm not much at writing for War Cry, but you can pick out anything suitable, and burn the rest.

EL MARQUEZ, Carlos

44 McTear and Emmet Allen, tariffing provisions, are under district work in Newfoundland. Parks, so long associated with the Trade Department at St. John's, has been transferred to New Brunswick in a similar capacity. Captain Littleh is much better, and will soon be taking his appointment. Captain Perrell is lately of the French work, and will have an appointment in the Pacific. Ensign Fitzpatrick, who has been visiting some time, has not yet, we regret

Some kind folks live near Berlin Falls, N.H. The coal merchant sent a receipted bill for \$4.60 worth of coal. One man in the family was called for to

to friend of \$700, we have yet to hear of a bigger donation.—Ed.] The Lord bless him and prosper him is our prayer.—Jas. Black.

As the Love grows, all will become easy or more equal. The truly Divine rejoices in bearing and suffering, as well as in receiving good and enjoying. A constant bearing of the mind, and heart, and soul, towards "All for Him," brings the invisible in sight, and makes the Divine Love and Presence the most real, solid, and constant good.

We have received Christmas Crys-
From San Francisco, New York, and
London, and hope to notice them
briefly in next issue.

We have received Christmas Crys-
From San Francisco, New York, and
London, and hope to notice them
briefly in next issue.

THE ROSS-HILTS WEDDING.

Colonel Holland Conducts the Ceremony in the Jubilee Hall.

A HAPPY AND JUBILANT OCCASION.

The solemn and yet important day came at last, a date that two hearts will ever remember. Though stormy, the wedding attendant and his wife rode up in good style, and the Jubilee Hall presented a very animated scene, as the Colonel, accompanied by Ensign Ross and Adjutant Hiltz, the centres of attraction, came down the aisle and took their places, amid



Ensign Ross.

much and hearty cheering, on the platform. Just previous to this and while the audience waited, the brass band played "I've Left the Devil Behind Me." What connection this had



Ensign Mrs. Ross.

with the spirit of the meeting was not quite clear. Quite a few stray hints were thrown out during the meeting to Captain Crawford and a certain social captain about the marriage question and

THE USUAL TIMBORN AND THIRDAIRY ADVICE

was indulged out. All good, and perhaps necessary, I suppose. But to take things as they come. Brigadier Jacobs gave out,

"Oh, I'm Glad I'm Ready."

and Major Compila and Mrs. Colonel Holland prayed that the blessing of God might be on the wedding. The Colonel, who never seems to get to the bottom of his bag of anecdotes, sprang a couple of 'em on the help-

less congregation, and evoked an animated and joyful feeling. His wish, which we desire to place on record, was that the happy couple's blessing might be like Niagara and their usefulness like the mighty St. Lawrence. Brigadier Jacobs' good Scotch sense brought some good lessons out of a reading

from II Corinthians, et., and then came the event of the evening. It was successfully and creditably done, right the way through. The cheering and applause was immense.

Of course, Major Compila had to favor us with a song, with a chorus like "Ho! Ho! Ho! Ho!" etc. It was worth a quarter to watch the face of a lady in the front seat as Mother Florence put in her usual smile. Lost in wonder one minute and ticked to death the next is as near as you can get to it. The husband of ten minutes sang very feelingly.

"Let Me Love Thee, Saviour," and gave his testimony, praising God that first and foremost he had sought the interests of the Kingdom. We believe it, Ensign.

Then followed Mrs. Ensign Ross, with a clear-cut, pointed testimony to the saving, keeping and sanctifying power of God. For over eight years a Salvationist, she had always sought the guidance of the Spirit in all things, and she still maintained the same determination.

We cannot afford space to devote to the many congratulatory addresses from several prominent staff officers on the platform.

The happy event was brought to a close by a consecration song and prayer, crowds of officers, soldiers and friends pressing their way to the platform after the meeting to wish the Ensign and Mrs. Ross Godspeed. God bless them and attend them all thro' life, pray all who know them, a host who don't know them, and

JAWJ.

OUR SOLDIERS' ASSEMBLY

Ensign Dowell

What is Wanted!

I TELL YOU, my comrades, there is a lack. The soldier can feel a lack. He may not be able always to tell just what it is, but there is something lacking, and he knows it. The sinner will come as far as the door, look in, and you see him no more. Another will come still farther, get as far as the centre of the barracks, stay for a few minutes, and is off.

"THE CAPTAIN preached well today." "Yes, grandly; but I was disappointed," says Brother Smartone.

"Sung nicely, but it did not touch the right spot," is Sister Softone's language.

"Gave a beautiful testimony, but it did me no good. It was all grand, but there was something wanting."

"HOW DO YOU like our new Captain?"

"Well, he is a capital man, a nice slinger, good preacher, quite witty, and quite earnest, too. I don't think we could get a better, and when the weather improves I think the barracks will be crowded, and yet with it all there is something—I can hardly tell what, I am so cold and unmoved under it all."

This and other such talk has been used in our barracks of late.

Can anyone tell where the lack is? There is something, and that something must be found out.

I HAVE SEEN painted fire that looked like real fire, but it wasn't. I have seen painted fruit that was more beautiful than real fruit, but did not taste as well. I have seen a loaf of bread that looked as good as the best, but it was sour. Theology is good, but THE UNCTION OF THE HOLY GHOST is the important part. Then the thing that is wanted and wished for is

FIRE! FIRE!!

Oh, God, give us more FIRE! Everything should be brought to the table here.

"With the Blood, and with the Fire We shall conquer all."

Are you, brother, willing to wait at the feet of Jesus till your lack is supplied by the incoming of the Holy Ghost?

[D. O.'s and F. O.'s are specially invited to send the Editor short, pointed addresses, suitable for the soldiers' assembly.]

Women's Shelter.

Was it Needed in Queenly Toronto?

Read Below for an Answer.

"HOW dare you talk about my husband! He is superior to yours, anyway."

This was part of the conversation I heard the other evening in our Women's Shelter as I came upstairs, not for the purpose of taking notes for the Cry, but for the object of looking after our old dames, who were rather "boozy" that night. It was very amusing to hear them talk, and I almost wished some of the War Cry readers could have heard it. Possibly they might have a better idea of the kind of women we have to deal with.

I went into one of the other rooms for something, and just as I got in I heard a footstep, and looking round I saw an old woman, seventy years of age, just on the brink of the grave, and what is more terrible, just on the brink of hell. It is dreadful to think of, but it must be so, for God's word says that no drunkard shall enter the Kingdom of Heaven. Look! what is she holding up to her mouth? Can it be possible that it is a whiskey bottle? Too late to take it from her: she has drained it to the very last drop. She assured us when she came in she had none, but we will have to search her next time. She goes back to the room and starts singing, "in the sweet by-and-by."

"Excuse me, Mrs.—I forget your name," says another voice, "I know the name better than you do." So she starts up.

"Hello, Jane, are you asleep?"

"No, dear; what is it?"

"Oh, nothing, only I guess I'll go down and have a smoke."

I try to persuade her to go to bed and sleep, but no, nothing will do, she must have her pipe.

"Well, Lieutenant, I am going to try again," says another woman, as she comes up the stairs to get her few belongings.

"Well, Mrs. S.—I hope you'll lean on the strong arm of God. It's no use trusting in your own strength, you know that."

"Yes, that's how I gave way before. I thought I was getting along all right, and trusted too much in myself. You'll pray for me, won't you, Lieutenant?"

"Yes, I will. Good night." Poor soul! Six weeks ago she came to the Shelter drunk and filthy, no one to care for her. We did our best for her. She got a situation as landlady, for she is a good worker, and was getting on well. But temptation overcame her, and in four days her month's wages, ten dollars, was

ALL SPENT IN DRINK.

How sad and heart-broken we felt when she came back to us, so dirty and drunk. Isn't it discouraging, you ask? Yes, when we look at the dark side of it, but, like everything else, there is also a bright side, and that bright side is where we shall stand before God's throne, and see some of even those poor creatures, who, by some loving word or kind act, have been led to the armor's Saviour. We may know nothing of it here on earth, but it will be revealed on that day. And if we have won one soul to Christ, is it not worth all the discouragements? But we want to save more than one. Our desire and ambition is to see them ALL brought to our Jesus. Of course, they are very wicked and decided. A little instance just came to my mind of one woman who came in the Shelter a few months ago. She had been drinking some, so I said to her, "You've been drinking to-night, haven't you?"

"Oh, no," she said.

"Oh, but I smell it on you," I said. God's not mistaken. I've been eating a little piece of pork, and that's what you smell. I have not been drinking for some weeks."

I said no more, but thought to myself, it was a new kind of pork.

What a host the drink has on these poor women. The devil leads them to do and say whatever he likes, and they are such hard cases to do anything with, but God has helped us in the past, and He will help us in

the future. His blood can make the vilest clean. His blood can avail for each one of them.

LIEUT. J. M. MCCANN.

ONE OF THE "GANG" TAKEN ROSE.

Happy Bob is no More.

WINNIPEG—God has been visiting this city in a mysterious way of late. On Monday morning the news came that three souls had met death by the burning of a building in which they were sleeping.

We had not ceased thinking over this sad affair when on the following morning one of the well-known gang of Winnipeg came to the quarters and told us of the sad and sudden death of one of their number.

HAPPY BOB.

as the boys all called him. He would have been home with his dear old mother inside of an hour, but he went home to be with Jesus. The influence of his death upon us in Army circles has been felt deeply by soldier and sailor as well, seeing that Brother Stewart had till recently been a member of the Winnipeg corps, and was the love and esteem of all his comrades. At the meeting following his death five souls found salvation. Four of the number belong to the gang and were close friends of our departed brother. It was a sight never to be forgotten. We pray that the rest may mean a full conversion of every soldier and the salvation of many sinners. It's but a step between us and death.

ENSIGN A. GOODWIN.

Picked Up About Edmonton.

BY OLD-TIMER.

Capt. G.—"Brother T., don't you want to get some uniform?"

Brother T.—"No, Captain."

Capt. G.—"Why, Brother T., don't you want a guernsey?"

Brother T. (reflecting a moment)—"Have you got any white ones, with milk and water across the front. By wearing one of that kind I might get ashamed, and be more out-and-out for God."

Be "out-and-out" if you would persuade others to follow Him Who died to save.

The following conversation took place in the Junior meeting:

"Supposing I take a pencil and start to write on it a number of words, large and small, and after I get through writing I take a damp sponge and rub over the slate; can anyone tell me where the words are?"

One little girl answered, "On the sponge."

"Correct." Our hearts are like the slate, on which is recorded all our sins, but we must remember we cannot rub them off ourselves. We must have Jesus to come in with the sponge dampened with His blood before these sins can be removed. He, like the sponge, came to take our sin upon Himself that we might go free, having our hearts washed in His blood.

Brother F. K. was engaged painting some signs for a firm on which he had to put "Wines, Liquors, and Cigars." He finished the rest of the signs but these three words. The boss asked, "What about this? Are you going to put these words on?" "No, you will have to do that yourself. I cannot put them on there, then, tell me that I am saved and sanctified."

A Picture in an Italian Mountain.—A ploughman had turned aside to pray at the hour of prayer. So that no time should be lost, an angel was going on with the ploughing for him.

Men reflect little; they read carefully; they judge hastily, and they receive opinions as they receive money, because it is current coin.—Catholic Register.

No man can begin to mould himself on a faith or an idea without rising to a higher order of experience.

For evermore. He has not led me so tenderly thus far to forsake me at the very gate of Heaven.—Jackson

Central

SUBDUED. cess, quite so our target, meetings, got mixed to in kingdom, and more to the Gibbs and C.

ST. CATH. duty to church. The two in inspiration to in our corps without the arm let us port.—With

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to "out-and-out" if you would provide others to follow him who died save.

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Supposing I take a pencil and to write on it a number, rule, large and small, and after I through writing I take a damp napkin and rub over the ink; can you tell me where the words are?"
"On the napkin,"
"Correct."

Our hearts are like the slate, on which is recorded all our sin, but must remember we cannot rub it off ourselves. We must have Jesus to come in with the sponge and wash our hearts with His blood before these can be removed. He, like the napkin, came to take our sin upon himself that we might go free, and our hearts washed in His blood.

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.....
overmore. He has not led me underly than far to forsake me a very gate of Heaven—Judson.

Central Ont. Province.

SUNDUR.—Self-Denial a grand success, quite sure at least \$20 beyond our target. Hallelujah! Splendid meetings, good crowds. We're determined to hammer away at the devil's kingdom, and by God's help lead many more to the cross.—A. B., for Ensign Gibbs and Capt. May.

ST. CATHARINES.—I feel it my duty to chronicle the Self-Denial battle. The week has given new life and inspiration to one and all. We are all entirely determined to have victory in our corps. I feel we cannot succeed without the Divine aid. Upon His arm let us place our reliance for support.—William Lewis, Captain.

PORT PERRY.—Self-Denial a success. Past our target. Came off more than conquerors. Walked 208 miles, and called at every house within six miles of Port Perry.—Wm. Cummins, Captain.

LITTLE CURRENT, MANITOULIN ISLAND.—Since coming here God has blessed us with a half night of prayer. All day Sunday God's presence was felt. A grand open-air in the afternoon. Sunday night a wonderful time. Five souls. Hallelujah!—Sergt. May Lang.

with us, and enrolled three recruits. We have more ready. On Thursday one backslider returned to the fold.—Cadet Bloss.

PETERBORO.—God is blessing our every effort, and precious souls are being saved. Hallelujah! Wednesday night was a half night of prayer. All day Sunday God's presence was felt. A grand open-air in the afternoon. Sunday night a wonderful time. Five souls. Hallelujah!—Sergt. May Lang.

Western Province.

CARBERY.—One hundred dollars was our target, and we went at it with might and main, determined to strike away above it. The town was canvassed, the merchants written to and called upon personally, outlying villages stormed, and when all was reckoned up our receipts were \$153. With some comrades yet to hear from. Our grand total will be in the neighborhood of \$160. To God be all the glory.—Joe E.

NIPAWA.—Thursday night meeting, shooting at the S-D. target. Knocked the bull's-eye all to pieces. Let us after success for Carberry with the G. B. M. B. P. At (What's that?)—Ed. I. Arrived 4 a.m. Meat Bro. min went east on train. I went west to Brandon with the S-D. band. Returned to Carberry. Horse tired; so was I. Capt. Elliott kindly came on to my place with his horse. "Tag." I took his meetings. Started home; horse ran away; thanked God I was in a jumper instead of a buggy. Thanked God more that I was in his hands. Horse got tired of running away and stopped. Arrived home all O. K., ready for another go at his saintly majesty. Results of last night's meeting, one soul. Two put themselves on the altar, one wrote out an application for the field, and one for full salvation. Hallelujah! The best sleeping draught for a soul that the Spirit of God is striving with is "Okey"—Arthur Wilkins, Capt.

PORT ARTHUR.—In Port Arthur we were surrounded by some very kind friends and some practical sympathizers. S-D. target for corps, \$175. Although someone said we would never get it, over \$200 was given with cheerful hearts. It was a week of blessing. Kate-Lili six o'clock every morning, special meetings at night, also a half-night of prayer. God wonderfully blessed, as He always does, those that wait upon Him. Capt. Thomas and Lieut. Hammond.

WAINFRET, N.D.—Just a few lines to say we are having victory. We have just opened this city, and already can report success. Our hall is full every night. It holds about three hundred people. Eight souls have come to God and got saved. We are believing that very soon many more will leave the ranks of sin and come to God. Yours to win.—Ensign Lee.

VIRDEN, MAN.—We've been and gone and done it. What? Why, hit our S-D. target, and gave over to it. As a grand finale we had a trades union meeting, the soldiers representing their different trades. Everybody enjoyed it. At our Friday night holiness meeting one sinner came out and got right. War Cry all sold Saturday and customers not all supplied. [Too bad! Why not rise?—Ed.]—Businosa.

GRAND FORKS, N.D.—Arrived at Garrison after spending one day in Winnipeg and two in Grand. Had our good meetings in both places, with one backslider for salvation. I enjoy Garrison life. Monday night one good case of conversion. Man saved who had been a morphine, whiskey and cigarette fiend nearly all his life. He is making progress. Another volunteered for salvation during the week. Had good meetings on Sunday. Two out for holiness in the morning and one for salvation at night.—B. Parkinson, Cadet.

GRANTON, N.D.—Two souls this week, and blessed times in our meetings. The Major, Adjutant, and Ensign have been here. Two recruits were enrolled and a baby given to the Lord. Victory! Victory! is our cry. We are gaining ground.—Capt. E. Kemp, Lieut. L. Gibbs.

Atiunta corps gave 500 children a free dinner. They enjoyed it all.

PACIFIC PROVINCE.

DILLON, MONT.—The war here runs on. Souls continue to come to Jesus. Some of the boys who attend the meetings are giving up drink and tobacco, preparatory to getting saved. They seem to think they must do that first. Last night there were two souls came and got saved, and a twenty going on between two unsaved boys, which was to carry the drum when they got saved. While we were out visiting yesterday, a dear woman got sanctified. We will pull the devil's kingdom down.—E. Briery, Capt.

NANAIMO.—Our week of Self-Denial has been a week of blessing. We finished with a nationally meeting on Saturday night, which was a decided



CAPT. BRISTON AND LIEUT. QUAY, in National Costume at Nanaimo, B.C.

success. The march was led by the Captain in Scottish costume, and Lieutenant in Norwegian dress, followed by others representing different countries. Although it was a very disagreeable night, a large crowd stood and looked on, and listened to the open-air, undoubtedly wondering where that Highlander with the kilted came from, and the American Indian who so justly sang,

"War, war, war,
We're marching on to war."

A good crowd followed to the barracks, where a rousing meeting kept them interested. Good meetings all day Sunday with one soul for salvation.—Jas. Stach.

DILLON, MONT.—Four souls since last report. We have a drummer now, and the two Black Lambs who were washed white when they came to Jesus. Still there more to follow. One big fish, who weighs over 200 pounds.—Captain Briery.

GREAT FALLS, MONT.—Our meetings are getting better. Thursday night we announced to expose the biggest hypocrite in town. One comrade said in testifying, "Hypocrite or no, friends, I know I am saved." Great wondering who it was, but it turned out to be the devil.—M. A. Wale, Ensign.

Newfoundland Province

TILT COVE.—A visit from our D. O., Ensign Freeman, proved a blessing and inspiration to us all. He was detained here a week through stormy weather. Eight souls sought the blessing of a clean heart. Four backsliders returned. One woman felt so burdened down by sin that she had to come to the patient-form in the first of the meeting. She got blessed by saved. Sunday night, the last night Ensign had with us, was a very powerful time. Two backsliders returned.

SCILLY COVE, NFLD.—Our meetings the past week have been good, and well attended. Six souls have been saved, many more are deeply convicted. Our corps is in a good spiritual condition. Praise God! The officers and soldiers are all smiling happy, especially Father Brimmon.—J. H. E.

TILT COVE, NFLD.—During the last week we visited all the little coves around. Left Tilt Cove in a little boat, Secretary, Lieutenant, and myself. Two brothers were kind enough to take us as far as Shoe Cove.

Here we found many warm-hearted friends. We held meetings at Mrs. Weismann's house, who is a soldier. After we visited all the houses in Shoe Cove, we started off for Lanes, where Bro. Uett lives, another soldier. We found the people very kind. About twenty of us met together. We visited nearly all the houses in the place, and prayed with the people. Next day we started for home. We held three meetings, visited thirty-five houses, prayed in thirty-two, collected a few dollars for S-D. Lieutenant lost the best of her boot in the mud, and some kind man went and found it and nailed it on again.—K. H.

JACKSON'S COVE, NFLD.—Not long ago I travelled 240 miles to hear Commandant Booth. Thank God, I have been well paid, and my soul has been blessed and made strong by the Spirit of God to go forward in His battles. I do thank God for the oneness there is in the Army. Since the officers have come with us souls have been blessed and saved. Glory to God.—S. M.

Eastern Province.

HALIFAX I.—Our Self-Denial Week ended. Victory! Faith triumphant, knowing not defeat or fear. The Salvation Army is quite a live concern in Halifax yet. On Friday night a wanderer returned to the fold. Two souls at the cross in Sunday night's meeting. War Cry still booming. Victory ahead.—Sergt-Major Cashin.

ACADIA MINES, N.S.—S-D. Week is over. We realized \$40. Hallelujah! God was with us in power, and helped us successfully. Captain Pugh with us for lantern service. Capt. Bishop leaving us to-day on ten days' furlough. Victory is our motto.—D. H. Huddy.

NEWCASTLE.—We had with us on Tuesday evening our D. O., Ensign Tyler. Two of the Chatham soldiers came along, and a comrade from Moncton. On Thursday, Capt. and Mrs. Knight returned the Ensign's visit, while our Sergt-Major led the meeting. One soul Sunday night.—Cecile Reeve, L.A.L.B.

HALIFAX II.—During the command of our present officers, Capt. and Mrs. Jennings many souls have sought and found our Saviour. S-D. Week was a week of blessing to our souls. The special meetings which our Captain arranged drew us nearer to God. We reached our target. Captain believes in making everybody work. His own little boy, who is only three months old, had a personal target of five dollars. He is like his papa: he gets there all right.—A Friend.

West Ont. Province

GALT.—The past week indeed one of rejoicing. We all say, "God bless Brigadier Margetta" for the lift he gave us. Come again soon! On Sunday the Lord was with us in power all day. High time at knee-drill. Holiness meeting beautiful; every heart felt the presence of God. Two souls surrendered. Free-and-easy something new. Testimony meeting led by four soldiers. Everybody on the go. Bandmaster Peard led powerful salvation meeting at night.—Joe.

I MET WITH
BRIGADIER MARGETTA at Galt, and received great blessing and various instructions re J. S. war.
AN ACCIDENT returning from Galt after night meeting. Broke the axle of our rig.

A MAN, who let us have another, and fixed the broken one, and charged \$1.50 for doing it. Haven't yet met the man who will give a donation to pay it.

"ST'SHINE" and his wife several times since the wedding, smiling and happy.

THE YOUNG MAN who was kept out of the barracks for misbehavior. Of course he never disturbed the meeting; always was a good boy!

THE YOUNG MAN who, left the meeting about three weeks ago so under conviction that he couldn't hold back the tears. I couldn't persuade him to come to meeting. I expect to meet the same man at the Judgment, and he'll have to meet me. My God, what a meeting!—Capt. Charlie Staiger, Berlin.

A HORSTALIAN

A black and white caricature of a man with a very large, prominent nose, wearing a fedora-style hat and a dark jacket over a light-colored shirt. He is standing with his hands on his hips, looking directly at the viewer. To his right, the words "THE FUTURE OF THE RACE" are written in a stylized, vertical font. The drawing is done in a sketchy, hatched style.

FIVE souls last week at Simeon and four at Tillamook, also two at Beachville. We are working hard for victory in S.-D. battle.

to my dear friends. I have a little meeting of the
city officers every Monday, which
proves a blessing and a help to us all.
We are planning and planning for a
concert of souls. We intend getting
every Salvationist we can to unite
with us in this, and have some reg-
ular meetings in the city this winter.
No. 1. is marching on. Good crowds.
A few getting saved. War Cry's post
for each week. No. II. is stirring up
a little. Dartmouth is coming on
slowly. Liverpool and Bridgton are
beginning to stir. There are three
in all with War Cry. Lunenburg
is well with a revival. Lord, send Re-
v. T. COOMBS, D. D.

Another year has dawned—
A blest new year:
We'll cheer on the glad
Brighten the sad ones,
Save all the bad ones,
This blest new year.

THE OFFICERS from Windsor, Dresden and Chatham had met together for an Officers' Council. The first session was devoted to a review of the past. The Brigadier, in a free, off-handed manner, which made it interesting, told how God was begin-

THE CROWNING TIME was yet to come. A full night of prayer was announced, but we stretched it out a bit and had a full night while we were at it. The glory ship was full, and when the pool was opened it seemed the most natural thing in the world for the crowd of 100-2000 to rise up and make their way to the front. The wind-up was a caution. There was Adjutant Turner doing a jig with a colored brother, who seemed highly elated at the prospect of one day wearing a long coat and top hat. The crowd danced, and others thought they had a right to. The band boys toed the fantastic round the stove in great style, and altogether things had a real Christmas appearance. We finished out about 4 a.m., finding we had a few of the best and holiest Christmas kids ever experienced.

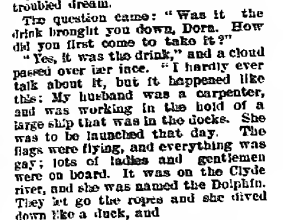
FOUND !

r Editor.—A ladies' silver watch, an Army crest on the back, was in this city on a public house some time ago. I will send the to anyone who tells me the inside. A ring with the word

WM. ANDREWS.

All letters will be regarded as strictly confidential and must be addressed to Herbert B. South, Commandant S. A. Temple, Albert St., Toronto, with the word "Inquiry" on the cover of the envelope.

FIFTY CENTS SHOULD ACCOMPANY APPLICATIONS



When the divers went down to get the bodies, they found the men with the tools to their hands. Just as they were working to finish off a little fixing inside, they went down, and they were all drowned. When they brought his poor dead body home to me, I thought my reason would give way. He was always a kind man. Then after that, my only child, my little boy, five years old, died. I got some money after my husband's death, and friends advised me while I had youth on my side to come to Canada, that I could get along well there. I came over, and I was

As soon as I took a glass, I must have more. I did not know that the appetite was there."

father and mother I should have been all right. Some people think it must be hereditary when you have such a craving for it, but it's not always so. I used to work hard, and then, when I got my money, some of the women I knew would get me to stand treat; then the first thing, all my hard earnings would be gone.

"Well, Dora, but how did you get saved at last?" we ventured to interpose. "Was it when you came to the Home?"

situations," she replied. "I was always brought up to believe in God but you see it's the simple way of taking Jesus as your own Saviour seems to stand in people's way. There was a lady I knew, and she used to talk to me, and one day she said to me when I was worried over some

'Dorn, when the women were going to the tomb to anoint the body of the Saviour, they were saying to each other, 'Who will roll us away the stone?' but when they got there the stone was rolled away. Just so it may be with your troubles,' and, believe me, it was just so, my trouble never came. She was a beautiful lady."

"But how I came to be saved, I came into the Home one night. I had

Until the first week in February, the WAR CRY BOON WEEK, we have thought it advisable to discontinue the Honor Roll.

Please don't be alarmed and angry, for we shall give it a new lease of life shortly, and you will find it doubly charming after it's temporary absence. God bless our Booming Comrades!

"Stars are of mighty use. The night
Is dark and long;
The road foul, and where one goes
Right.

One twinkling ray, shot o'er some
cloud,
May clear much way, and guide a
crowd.

"God's saints are shining lights: who
slays
Here long must pass
O'er dark life, swift streams, and

As smooth as glass.
"They are indeed our pillar fires,
Seen as we go:

They are that City's shining spires
We travel to."
—H. Vaughan, 1850.



of Vancouver, to be Captain,
of Orangeville, to be Lieutenant,
Toronto IV, to be Lieutenant,
of Harris, to be Lieutenant,
Whitby, to be Lieutenant.

of Territorial Headquarters,
and Auditor and Statistician,
residing at 1111 St. George Street,
Special Work, Central Ontario
Command of Great Falls, 1905

ANNAN HILTS, of Toronto
and who calls out of Port St.
1907, to HENSON R. WIL-
G.D.M. Agent, C.O.P., out of
1908, by the Chief of Army,
into, Dec. 20th, 1905.

HENRY H. BROWN,
Commissioner.

T TO EASTERNERS.

TE-ALL OFFICERS har-
rains, or any female
Railways in the Mar-
are requested to
same immediately to

DEER SCOTT,
St. John, N. B.

MISSING

regarded as strictly confidential,
to Herbert H. Booth, Esq.,
Albert St., Toronto, with the
in return of the envelope
in accompany applications.

John Francis, last
of the Ayres. Was account at
Pat. Usually stays in Los
England. Parents very anxious

John William, last
of the family. He is 15th
to have aged 20 years. Last
Buffalo, N.Y.

Mr. Elizabeth,
of the family. He is 15th
to have aged 20 years. Last
Buffalo, N.Y.

Mr. William, last
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GLANCING at one of our Home
girls, who had come to stay a
few days until able to get an-
other situation, and who was
busily engaged dusting the lit-
tle office, we could but notice on the
quiet face traces of many a fierce
storm encountered in those bygone
days, which now seem almost like a
troubled dream.

The question came: "Was it the
drink brought you down, Dora. How
did you first come to take it?"
"Yes, it was the drink," and a cloud
passed over her face. "I hardly ever
talk about it, but it happened like
this: My husband was a carpenter,
and was working in the hold of a
large ship that was in the docks. She
was to be launched that day. The
flags were flying, and everything was
gay; lots of ladies and gentlemen
were on board. It was on the Clyde
river, and she was named the Dolphin.
They let go the ropes and she dived
down like a duck, and

WENT TO THE BOTTOM.

When the divers went down to get the
bodies, they found the men with the
tools in their hands. Just as they
were working to finish off a little fix-
ing inside, she went down, and they
were all drowned. When they brought
his poor dead body home to me, I
thought my reason would give way.
He was always a kind man. Then
after that, my only child, my little
boy, five years old, died. I got some
money after my husband's death, and
friends advised me while I had youth
on my side to come to Canada, that
I could get along well there. I came
over, and I was

SO LONELY I BEGAN TO DRINK.

As soon as I took a glass, I must
have more. I did not know that the
appetite was there."

"Was it inherited?"

"No. If I had been as good as my
father and mother I should have been
all right. Some people think it must
be hereditary when you have such a
craving for it, but it's not always so.
I used to work hard, and then, when
I got my money, some of the women
I knew would get me to stand treat;
then the first thing, all my hard earn-
ings would be gone.

"One day they took my purse out
of my pocket, and I was left without
a cent."

"Well, Dora, but how did you get
saved at last?" we ventured to in-
terpose. "Was it when you came to
the Home?"

"I had been in the Home several
times before, and went out and got
travelling," she replied. "I was al-
ways brought up to believe in God,
but you see it's the simple way of
taking Jesus as your own Saviour
comes to stand in people's way. There
was a lady I knew, and she used to
talk to me, and one day she said to
me when I was worried over some

TROUBLE THAT I DREADED,

"Dora, when the women were going
to the tomb to anoint the body of the
Saviour, they were saying to each
other, 'Who will roll us away the
stone?' but when they got there the
stone was rolled away. Just so it
may be with your troubles, and be-
lieve me, it was just so, my trouble
never came. She was a beautiful
lady."

Dora's eyes seemed to glance with
a softened light as she went on, with
the memory of the saintly woman
who had first helped her to see there
was a reality in salvation.

"But how I came to be saved, I
came into the Home one night. I had

only had a couple of glasses of ale.
Captain said, 'You had better

STAY TO-NIGHT, DORA.

and I said, 'Well, just for one night,'
but the next day I was so sick I could
not go, but I believe the Lord had a
hand in it. I was very bad, and know
if I died I should go to hell. At
night I laid on my bed and didn't
know what to do; my sins looked
like great mountains before me. I
was badly convicted. One night, after
tea, we were on our knees praying,
and the Captain started that song,

"To Thy cross I come, Lord,
Thiero for me is room, Lord;
Poor unworthy me, yes, over me,"

and I said, 'Yes, Lord, over me, I
come,' and then I asked Him to par-
don all my sins. He did, and He gave
me peace in my soul, and took the
desire of the drink away. That's five
months ago, and I have never wanted
it since. I've had some hard battles,
in my situation they were all ungodly
people, servants and all. I thought
perhaps the Lord had sent me there
to do something for Him, but when
I spoke to them

THEY ONLY LAUGHED AT ME.

I tried to get some of the girls to
get a little prayer meeting up in our
room on New Year's eve, that we
might thank God for keeping us
through another year, but they told
me not to bother them, so I just
knelt down and prayed myself."

We could do nothing as we looked
at the reverent expression on Dora's
face but give Jesus all the glory for
thus honoring His laborers for Him in
saving her precious soul. Scores of
lost such wrecked lives drift into our
Rescue Homes throughout the world,
and leave them again with new hopes,
new hearts, and with the Heavenly
Pilot on board. Who will carry them
through life's roughest seas. What
are you doing to help this Rescue
work?

ADJUT. COWAN.

THE ARK, VICTORIA, B. C.

"How's the Shelter, Ensign?" we
asked of the prebbling genius of that
institution the other day.

"Going ahead like a house on fire,"
was his answer.

The Shelter throughout retains its
spark and span appearance, which visitors
so admire, after the wear and
tear of six months.

The reading room is being well pat-
ronized during the dull, dreary days.

No less than 5,013 meals have been
given out since May 6th, and all these
have been paid or worked for. The
wood-yard is doing a flourishing busi-
ness. A new wood-cut has been pur-
chased, and now two hallooluh team-
sters are kept busily engaged in de-
livering wood in different parts of the
city.

Our readers will have a slight idea
of what is going on in this branch
of the work done in the Shelter on
being informed that 170 cords of wood
have been cut, split and delivered since
the opening.

This has been the outcome of plenty
of hard work, but the men appreci-
ate the privilege the S. L. gives them
of paying their way.

The Shelter officers are also endeavor-
ing to win them for God, and several
good cases of conversion could be
recounted. 1,870 men have taken ad-
vantage of the dormitory, and the
numbers are increasing. A.B.H.

TRUE TO HIS COLORS!

A Few Items in the Life of
G.B.M. Agent JAMES VANCE,
of Sunbury.

James Vance, L. B. Agent for Sun-
bury, was born near Guelph, Ontario,
and was saved eleven years ago in a
Salvation Army meeting. He served
as a soldier for some time, was ac-
cepted as an officer, and did service at
Wyoming, Durham, Towswater, Wrox-
eter, Harrieta, and Kingston. Re-
tired from field work, and for some

time has been a soldier at Sunbury,
Ont. During the past year he has
been successful as an agent. His two
little boys also take a great interest
in the boxes. He is determined to ad-
vance each quarter.

A man may suffer without commit-
ting sin, but he cannot sin without
suffering.

Gold in the pockets of a man makes
him greater; there is naught but
grace in his heart which can make
him better.

TRADE DEPARTMENT!

BIBLES.

New and Large Assortment
added to our Stock.

CHEAPER THAN EVER!

Any Size and Type desired.

Send for Catalogue.

WATCHES!

MEN'S

Open Silver Watches.

Stem Wind, Waltham Move-
ment.

\$8, \$9, and \$16.

LADIES'

Open Silver Watches.

Stem Wind, Waltham Move-
ment.

\$9.00.

SOMETHING NEW!

FINGER TESTAMENTS,

Morocco Cover, Gilt Edges. 60c.

Smallest that can be bought.

TO THE LADIES!

UNDERVESTS—35c, 50c, 75c.

GLOVES—15c, 20c, 30c.

HOSE—20c, 30c, 50c.

They're Going Great!

We mean our HEAVY SERGES, at
\$12.00, \$13.00, and \$15.00.
Send along your order.

HANDS DOWN, and give Our FUR
CAPS a chance at your ears.—\$2.00,
\$3.25, \$4, \$5, \$6.50, \$8, \$9.50, and
\$7.

We Don't Keep Tea!

WE SELL IT!

And a splendid lot it is too! You
can get it at 30c, 40c, or 50c.

If you live in Toronto, drop Sergt.
Langhorn, S.A. Temple, a post card,
and he'll bring you any style you
want.

AS WARM AS WARM.

MENS' CARDIGAN JACKETS.—A
genuine New Stock, extra heavy, su-
perior quality—all wool. Will let
them go to you at \$3.50, seeing you're
not a bad sort.

What is Your Motto?

Beautiful selection of mottoes now
in stock:

Shield (large)	13c
Shield (small)	10c
Scrolls	15c
Floral	10c
Fans	15c
Three-fold Screens	15c
"Christ is Lord," etc.	35c
Rules for No-day	18c
General's Message (with photo) ..	15c
Mrs. (Gen.) Booth's do. do.	10c

WANTED AT ONCE!

Copies of the Canadian Cry for Dec.
9th, 1893, and Nov. 24th, 1894.

Should any reader have these to
spare we should esteem it a great
kindness if they could let us have
them.

The Salvation Army International
Trade Headquarters.

All Classes of GOODS Bought and
Sold, Commissions undertaken: cus-
tomers' interests carefully guarded;
world-wide facilities; can command
best prices. Quotations given for
freight, and duty paid to destina-
tion.

For particulars and price list write
Col. Earnest A. Brammer, 23, 100, 102
Clerkenwell Rd., London, E.C.

N.R.—Missionary and private orders
executed and despatched to any part
of the world, duty and carriage paid
if desired.

THE YOUNG PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY THE SALVATION ARMY, at their Printing House, 12 Albert Street, Toronto, Ontario, and devoted to the spreading of the glorious work of Salvation among the children of Canada, Newfoundland, and North-West America.

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SALVATION SONGS.

Our Salvation Navy.

Tunes—"Come, shout and sing," or
"The Blood of Jesus cleanses
white as snow," B.J. 18.

1 Oh, the Army Lifeboat rides secure
Through every driving gale,
And speeds to rescue from the depths
The souls whose bitter wall
Arouses every heart to nobly do their
part,
And save the struggling souls who
soon must fail.

Chorus.

Now, altogether, lads and lassies, bend
To the oar;
Heeding not the rolling billows, bend
To the oar;
Our boat is Gospel sound, she answers
with a bound
To every stroke wide bending to the
oar.

Oh, many deeds of bravery our life-
boat crew have done,
And many million shipwrecked souls
have from the depths been won:
Our Captain never fails to face the
fiercest gales,
And Him we'll follow till the work is
done.

There will be great hurrahing in the
Savior's Home at last,
And many souls will greet us then
who stood the stormy blast:
Our Captain will be there, with crews
from everywhere,
Rejoicing that we're safely Home at
last.

The Grand Decision.

Tune—"The Fatal Wedding."

2 The army, after marching to their
barracks, went to tell
How they'd been washed in Jesus'
blood, and saved from death and
hell;
A sinner with his burden came, he
felt that he should go
To Christ, whose precious blood could
wash, and keep him white as
snow.
The Captain saw his wretched look,
and to him made his way.
She told him of the Christ who said,
"I am the Truth, the Way."
She told him that if he would just
repent, and then believe,
A full and free salvation he through
Christ would surely receive.

Chorus.

Whilst the blessed words were ringing
In the wretched sinner's ears,
Whilst the soldiers were rejoicing
In the love that casts out fears,
Then he made the grand decision,
that from sin he would depart,
Now a soldier he's rejoicing in a pure
and upright heart.

He thought the matter over and he
counted every cost,
He saw if he rejected Christ he surely
would be lost:
He said, "I'll go," and to the front
he bravely made his way,
And unto Christ, God's only Son, he
earnestly did pray.
'Twas when he said, "Lord, I believe,"
the light to him did come,
He knew his sins were pardoned thro'
the blood of Christ, God's Son;
And so if you, poor sinner, will just
take Him at His word,
A full salvation you shall have thro'
Jesus Christ the Lord.

—A. Bailey, Sudbury, Ont.

After Death, the Judgment.

Tune—"I dare do all for Thee."

3 We are all hastening on to the
Judgment,
Each day brings us nearer our doom,
What a sad, sad thing it is in Heaven
For us shall be found no room.

Chorus.

The Judgment! The Judgment!
Oh, how will you face the Judge?
The Judgment! The Judgment!
Oh, how will you face the Judge?

*No, Soldiers of Jesus!
Attention! Prepare to Ad-
vance! Hurrah for the great
War Cry Boom!*

**WAR
CRY
BOOM**

*It concerns you. Every
Man, Woman, and Child
should take part. Prepare
for the 1st Week in February.*

Oh, you, who have wasted your re-
sults,
By serving the devil so long,
You cannot expect to see Jesus,
Or dwell with the glorified throng.

You must meet the pale horse and his
rider,
The hearse will soon stop at your
door,
Your body be laid in the graveyard,
But your soul, it must live ever-
more.

Eternity! where will you spend it?
In Heaven with angels so bright,
Or shall you be cast into darkness?
Just settle this question to-night.
—Capt. Josh. Jones, Oshawa.

Refuge in Jesus.

Tunes—"Stella," B.J. 25; "Sover-
eignty," B.J. 21, or "Euphony,"
B.J. 188.

4 There is a calm, a peace, a rest,
Which Jesus plants within the
breast.
Of those who truly seek from Him
That pardoning grace from every sin:
His loving arms outstretched to Thee,
Poor sinner, come, and happy be.

Chorus.

Oh, the blood of Jesus.

Thy path, poor soul, is dark and
drear,
Thy burden more than thou canst
bear,
To save thy soul from fear and guilt,
Our loving Lord His blood has given.
For thee on that accursed tree,
That thou from sin may be set free.

Poor trembling soul, no longer stay
In sin, but choose the narrow way:
No matter how deep-dyed with sin,
The Lord will surely take thee in:
His blood will cleanse thee from all
guilt,
And thou shalt ever praise His name.

—H. Duncan, Montreal, I.

Power we Crave.

Tunes—"Come, brethren dear," B.B. 8;
"Praise," B.J. 143, or "Come on,
my partners," B.J. 190.

5 Dear Jesus, send Thy power just
now,
And keep us to our sacred vow,
To give up all for Thee!
Oh, send the Fire, consume our sin,
And make us clean and right within,
And set us each one free!

Thy Spirit give each soldier dear,
To sacrifice their all down here,
And full salvation see!
Oh, let it come just now, dear Lord,
And help our every thought and word,
Oh, make us more like Thee!

For souls we'll crave, and mighty
prayer,
In Jesus' name will hard believe,
And trust in Him for aye:
We'll praise Him for the victories
won,
And for the victories still to come:
By faith we'll win the day.

Right with Thee, Lord.

Tunes—"Close to Thee"; "Bless us
now," or "I am trusting, fully
trusting" (with old chorus).

6 Though the hosts of hell assail us
Black as night my vision be:
Not one human voice to cheer me,
Thou hast kept me right with Thee.

Chorus.

Right with Thee! Right with Thee!
Right with Thee, Lord, right with
Thee!

Not one human voice to cheer me,
Thou hast kept me right with Thee.
In the field, the battle raging,
I'll face Thy foes, tho' strong they
be:

Knowing how Thy arms are ready,
While my heart beats true to Thee.

Oh, that all the world would prove
Thee
Saviour from all sin to be!

We will bring them to the Fountain
That can make them right with
Thee.

WA
AND OFFICIAL

VOL. XII. No. 16



SOME C